

## Blue Grass Traction Co.

The Georgetown & Lexington  
Traction Company.

Cars leave Paris for Lexington every hour from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. and at 10 p. m. Leave Lexington every hour from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m. and at 9 p. m. Single fare, 40 cents. Time 55 minutes.

Leave Lexington for Georgetown every hour from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m. except 11 a. m., 1 p. m., 8 and 10 p. m. Leave Georgetown every hour from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m. except 10 a. m., 12 noon, 7 and 9 p. m.

Freight rates, also special rates for excursions, for supper and theatre parties and for school, business, and family tickets can be had on application at the company's office, 404 West Main street, Lexington. E. T. Phone, 110. Home Phone, 1274.

Y. ALEXANDER, Pres.

Jan. 15, 1904.

## Your Trip

TO THE

World's Fair,  
St. Louis,

IN

1904,

TO INSURE THE

DAYLIGHT ENTRANCE to the Mount City and an unobstructed, panoramic view of the Levee and Shipping District of the Father of Waters, should be made by the

## BIG FOUR.

WARREN J. LYNCH, W. P. DEPPE,  
Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt., Asst. G.P. & T. Agt.,  
J. E. REEVES, General Southern Agt.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

## Railroad Time Card.

## LOUISVILLE &amp; NASHVILLE.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT PARIS.

From Cincinnati—10:58 am; 5:38 pm; 8:45 pm.  
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 pm; 8:28 pm; 6:10 pm.  
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:50 am; 1:18 pm.  
From Maysville—7:40 am; 3:15 pm.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PARIS.

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am; 8:30 pm.  
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 6:40 pm; 9:40 p. m.  
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:38 pm; 8:51 pm.  
To Maysville—8:00 am; 6:20 pm.

F. B. CARR, Agt.

## FRANKFORT &amp; CINCINNATI.

Arr. from Frankfort—8:30 am; 3:25 pm.  
Lve. for Frankfort—9:30 am; 5:43 pm.  
All F. & C. trains arrive and depart from L. & N. Station.

## World's Fair March, 1904.

Mr. John C. Weber, director of Weber's Military Band of Cincinnati, known as the "Prize Band of America," has composed the St. Louis World's Fair March 1904—dedicated to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It will be distributed through the passenger department of the B. & O. S-W. R. R., World's Fair Route, at 10 cents per copy.

The music is in sheet form, arranged for the piano, being very handsomely gotten up, with highly illuminated title cover. Mr. John C. Weber is not only a great Musical Director, but he has written some very catchy and popular marches. The St. Louis World's Fair March is his latest success, and will add further to his fame.

Mr. Weber and his great organization of artists has twice defeated all comers in national contests at Elks' Reunions. The latest triumph was at Baltimore, Md., on the 21st of last July, when, in a notable contest, composed of the leading bands of America, won the first prize of \$1,000. It is confidently expected that Mr. Weber's World's Fair March will become a popular air during the next year, and every household should have a copy of this music.

Send 10 cents in silver to the undersigned and copy of the World's Fair March will be mailed to your address.

Mark Envelope—"World's Fair March."  
O. P. McCARTY,  
Gen. Pass. Agt.,  
B. & O. S-W. R. R.,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

## THIS IS THE "COMFORT LINE."

FREE  
RECLINING  
CHAIR CARS

ON THE POPULAR

HENDERSON  
ROUTE

BETWEEN

LOUISVILLE  
EVANSVILLE

ST. LOUIS

THE WEST AND  
SOUTHWEST

We are the originators of Free Reclining Chair Car Service between Louisville and St. Louis. Don't you think it would pay you, in traveling, to "Get the Henderson Route Habit?"—It will us.

## ASK US ABOUT IT.

GEO. L. GARRETT,  
Traveling Passenger Agent,  
L. J. IRWIN,  
General Passenger Agent,  
Jeff. 10, Louisville, Ky.

WESTERN CANADA HAS AN  
EXCELLENT CLIMATE.The Saskatchewan Valley Very High-  
ly Favored.

An interesting feature of Western Canada is its climate. Those who have made a study of it speak highly of it. The Canadian Government Agents are sending out an Atlas, and at the same time giving valuable information concerning railway rates, etc., to those interested in the country. As has been said, the climate is excellent. The elevation of this part of Canada is about 1,800 feet above the sea, about twice that of the average for Minnesota. It is a very desirable altitude. The country has a very equable climate, taking the seasons through. The winters are bright and the summers are pleasantly warm. R. F. Stupart, director of the meteorological service for Canada, says:

"The salient features of the climate of the Canadian northwest territories are a clear, bracing atmosphere during the greater part of the year, and a medium rainfall and snowfall. The mean temperature for July at Winnipeg is 66, and Prince Albert 62. The former temperature is higher than at any part of England, and the latter is very similar to that found in many parts of the southern countries."

At Prince Albert the average daily maximum in July is 76 and the minimum 48. Owing to this high day temperature with much sunshine, the crops come to maturity quickly.

Moisture is ample in the Saskatchewan valley, being about 18 inches annually. It is notable that about 75 per cent. of the moisture falls during the crop months. Thus, Western Canada gets as much moisture when it is needed and with several hours more sunshine daily than land further south gets during the growing season, it is not difficult to understand why crops mature quickly and yield bountifully.

Winter comes in August, about the middle. Cyclones, blizzards, dust and sand storms are unknown.

## SHE SOWED LIVER PILLS.

But It Is Not at All Likely That She Waited for Them to Take Root.

There is a woman in Phoenix, Ariz., who has the correct idea all right, but whether it will work out remains for the future to disclose, states the Republican of that town.

Recently her husband bought a small ranch, and with him she has been much interested in planning improvements, especially in the growing line, with which to adorn the place.

The other day beds were prepared for sweet peas, and the lady of the house was busily engaged in sowing her seeds and carrying the little packets out of doors, where their contents were transferred to the beds in regular order. As each variety was planted, the name was placed on a small marker, as is the custom with gardeners.

In a particularly choice location the contents of a packet were laboriously dropped, one by one, until the row was filled and the earth nicely smoothed over it. When the lady picked up the packet to properly write the marker she discovered that she had carefully planted her mother's package of liver pills.

## For Growing Girls.

West Pembroke, Me., March 21.—Mrs. A. L. Smith, of this place, says that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best remedy for growing girls. Mrs. Smith emphasizes her recommendation by the following experience:

"My daughter was thirteen years old last November and it is now two years since she was first taken with Crazy Spells at week end and would then pass off. In a month she would have the spells again. At these times she would eat very little and was very yellow, even the whites of her eyes would be yellow."

"The doctors gave us no encouragement, they all said they could not help her. After taking one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, she has not had one bad spell. Of course, we continued the treatment until she had used in all about a dozen boxes, and we still give them to her occasionally, when she is not feeling well. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the best medicine for growing girls."

Mothers should heed the advice of Mrs. Smith, for by so doing they may save their daughters much pain and sickness and ensure a healthy happy future for them.

Automobile Dealer—"This machine we guarantee can be stopped in three lengths, going at full speed." Prospective Purchaser—"Um-m-m! Which side up?"—Town and Country.

## CUTICURA OINTMENT

The World's Greatest Skin Cure and Sweetest Emollient—Positively Unrivalled.

Cuticura Ointment is beyond question the most successful curative for torturing, disgusting humors of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, ever compounded, in proof of which a single anointing with it, preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent Pills, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humors, permits rest and sleep, and points to a speedy cure when all else fails. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, speedily soothing and healing the most distressing cases.

Husband—"Does Jack know Miss Peppertree?" Wife (calmly)—"I believe not, for he has asked her to marry him."—Town and Country.

## Teosinte and Billion Dollar Grass.

The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre. [K. L.]

## JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE

John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples.

First Little Girl—"My father is an editor; what does yours do?" Second Little Girl—"Whatever mamma tells him."—Glasgow Evening Times.

## Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease. A certain cure for swollen, sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Three Faces

By  
GEORGE E. PICKETT

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE Verney mansion was ablaze with flowers. Roses glowed in gold and silver vases in parlor and hall and vines trailed up the long stairways.

In an upper room the heiress to the magnificent mansion and the broad acres surrounding it, arrayed in bridal robe, was submitting to the final touches of skillful hands and listening to the chatter of her maids.

"I am her maid of honor," said the tall, dark girl who was arranging her veil. "She must give me her bouquet, else where are the privileges of my position?"

"That is not fair," replied a maiden, whose golden curls fell in riotous mass over the tiny slipper she was fitting to the foot of the bride. "You have highest place and will be the most observed and admired. She must throw her bouquet fairly and let chance select the fortunate one."

"If you do not go away now and give some attention to your own adornment you will not be ready to go down with me and there will be no fortunate one to receive my flowers. Had I known you were going to quarrel like this I would not have allowed you to send my dressing maid away so you might practice the art of costumery at my expense. Go off now, every one of you."

Putting them out and shutting the door, she came back to the center of the room and stood looking about her. She was taking leave of that room, the sanctum of her maiden life, and of all the beautiful things in it which had been her pride and joy in the happy days she had spent there. Tears came to her eyes as she thought that those days were going away from her forever. She would leave everything in the room just as it had always been and come back to it sometimes, but it would never be the same. It would belong only to her little episodes then; never again to her life.

She knelt and said a prayer for the happiness of that coming life—for its freedom from the thorns that are the lot of all who tread well the path of life, but that two might walk hand in hand and bring a blessing each to the other that would heal every wound and light the darkness of the road until it should merge into the shining way. She remembered in her petition, too, the little life that was being given to her care, for Alan Warrington had once had a lovely young wife, who had died and left a little boy to comfort him for her loss.

She stood by the window and looked out at the rippling river in the distance and away over to the horizon where the dreams of her childhood had taken form in the days gone by. She heard carriages driving up to the door. She could hear them bowl around the curve and turn into the drive. There the heavy, arching trees hid them from view. Some one came running down the winding road. She observed him idly, scarcely conscious of his presence. He came on up the pathway to the door.

How still the house was. The murmur of moving forms and light voices had suddenly been stilled. It was the hush of expectation, she thought. Alan would soon be there. It had been a disappointment to him that he could not have had one sweet hour with her to close the old life before they had entered on the new. He was stationed at a fort in the west with his regiment and weddings were not included in military duties; especially when there was an excitement on the border. So he was to arrive just before the hour set for the ceremony.

Something was coming down the road, moving slowly. As it came nearer she saw four men carrying a stretcher covered over with a dark cloth. Why was so gloomy a thing coming now?

After a long time her mother came in, all the light gone out of her face. Ginevra held out her hands.

"You need not tell me," she said in a voice softer than a whisper, yet more insistent than a thunder-tone. "Alan is dead and you have come to tell me. I will go to meet him. He cannot come to me."

She walked steadily out of the room and down the stairs, her white robe trailing in a silvery billow on the floor. Her mother followed and tried to detain her, but she broke away from the detaining arms. She crossed the vacant room at the foot of the stairs and opened the door opposite. On a couch within lay the still form and beside it stood her father, a physician and two of the guests. They stepped forward to intercept her, but fell back in awe of her stillness and the majestic air with which she waved them away. She stood upright and looked for an instant at the white face on the crimson cushion. She turned and walked with the same stately step and moveless face back to her room, the maid of honor following her, weeping and clasping her hands.

A cab came rapidly up the drive. A young man with arm in a sling hastily entered the hall.

"Alan!" exclaimed Mr. Verney. "Where—why—how did you come?"

"Did you think I should not come? I was near thinking so myself. If ever man was pardonable for being late at his own wedding I am. But I am here at last; rather damaged, but with life enough to be happy. It was a terrible wreck and I was fortunate in being one of the slightly hurt, but it kept me waiting until my arm was patched up."

"But who is there is another man—I can't understand it at all. Some one

was brought here because the hospital was full and it was hoped that his life would be saved if he had immediate care. He died as they carried him over the threshold and when we looked—it was your face."

Mr. Verney opened the little door and together they went in.

"It was as if I were looking at myself when life had gone. I wonder who he is. These accidental resemblances are very strange. I have never seen the man. Poor fellow! How sad that he should have come here to-day. Ginevra! I hope she has not seen. We will never tell her of what has happened. Let me go to her."

When Alan entered the room where the bride sat in her white robes she arose and bowed, graciously extending her hand.

"You are welcome," she said in a voice whose low music was sadder than sobs. "I await my bridegroom. When he comes he will give you welcome to our wedding feast."

"Sweetheart! Do you not know me?" She drew back in offended dignity. "It is not fitting that strangers should call me by that name. You jest, sir. If you have come to do honor to our nuptials you should not speak light words."

She sank back into her chair, lifting her gaze upward and waiting with a smile of happy expectation on her lips. All the answer she gave to his entreaties was a gentle: "I await my bridegroom's coming."

The days and the weeks and the months went by and drifted into years and still the maiden waited for the lover whom her dazed mind could not recognize, though he watched over her with a tender care until hope was gone and he knew that his presence could never bring anything of pleasure to her heart. Then he went away.

The years passed on and the maiden waited in radiant expectation and time dimmed not the springtime bloom of her loveliness. She was ever the fair and loving child-woman, waiting for her bride.

Lieut. Alan Warrington had returned from the Philippines and was stationed at Fort Milford. Life at an inland fort, with its routine drills and dress parades, may be more comfortable than long hikes over tropical islands, but it leaves something to be desired in the way of variety. Lieut. Warrington found no outlet for his changeable tempers and roving tendencies except in long walks and rides about the country. Home-coming meant less to him than to most island exiles. He was the only child of his father, for whom he had been named. In his absence his father had died and there was no tie of kindred left to bind him to his country.

Sometimes in his walks he passed a knoll, sloping to the south, on which stood a large house built of cream-colored stone, contrasting vividly with the green of the line of trees beyond and the pale turquoise of the sky.

In passing he had seen a beautiful girl at the gate, always with an older woman at her side, who seemed to be less a companion than an attendant. He had noted the girl's waving amber hair and the brown of her great eyes and the fairness of her delicately pink cheeks.

One morning he was riding along the road thinking of the beautiful maiden and wondering who she was and why she looked out upon the world with such wandering, restless eyes. As he drew near the great house he saw her come alone down the garden path, glancing back now and then as if in fear that some one would steal upon her solitude. When she reached the gate she stood for a moment, looking longingly out. Then she raised the latch with a swift movement and ran out into the road. She lifted her arms high above her head and laughed in a clear musical tone.

As Alan watched her poised gracefully, swinging her arms like slender wind-swept boughs, he heard the sudden harsh jangle of bells. Down the road came two automobiles racing at their utmost speed. She did not seem to hear the warning, though the foremost machine had almost leaped upon her.

Alan dashed forward, seized her by the arm and drew her from the track, the automobile touching her swaying garments as it flew by. She uttered a sharp cry and passed her hand over her eyes as if to push aside a veil. A look of terror came into her face and then gave way to an expression of dawning consciousness, as of one who wakes from a long sleep. She looked up and saw in the face of his son the Alan Warrington of her youth.

"I am so glad you have come, Alan. I new you would, but the waiting seemed an eternity. The train was late, they told me."

"Yes," he said, with a puzzled expression.

Then there came the memory of the old story he had heard long ago of the girl who had waited for his father through the years which had brought death to the faithful lover, but had left the maiden still the fair, loving bride, unconscious of and untouched by the passage of years. The love of the bridegroom of years ago leaped suddenly into the heart of his son and he seemed always to have known the deep eyes into which he looked and to have had no life till she came with a love for which his heart had waited through the years.

The moment of awakening had come and she met Alan Warrington as he had stood before her in the days that were to her as the present. The time between was as naught. It had left no mark on face or heart. She was still the bride who had waited through an eventful day for her first Alan Warrington.

To him, too, it was the realization of a beautiful dream as he lifted her hand to his lips and whispered in his heart:

"My Ginevra!"

## ASHLAWN 2:24½

Trial 2:20; half 1:06; quarter :32.

Bay Stallion, foaled 1898; 15.3 hands; weight 1,190 pounds.

Sired By ASHLAND WILKES, 2:17 1-4.

Sire of 69 in 2:30 list.

1 dam KATHLEEN ROGERS.....by Sentinel Wilkes 2499	
Dam of Nutlawn, trial 2:12½	(Son of Geo. Wilkes 519)
Marcie Simmons, trial 2:20	SIRE OF
Sinorita, 2-year-old record 2:35;	Ballance.....2:12
trial 2:20½, half 1:04½, quar-	Frank L.....2:14½
ter :31½; Joe Allerton, first	14 in 2:30, dam of
prize winner.	6 in 2:30.
2 dam BERTA ROGERS.....by Pretender 1453.	
DAM OF	(Son of Dictator 118)
Dorris Wilkes.....2:14½	SIRE OF
Brooklawn Baron, trial.....2:24	Salem.....2:09½
Bell Lawn, trial.....2:20	Hermitage.....2:19
	Rosa Fallett.....2:14½
	25 others in 2:30.
3 dam LELA SPRAGUE 2:36¼.....by Gov. Sprague 2:20½.	
DAM OF	SIRE OF
Edna Simmons.....2:12½	Charlie P.....2:11½
Alice G. (3) trial.....2:32	Sprague Goldust.....2:15½
Berta Rogers, dam of	King Sprague.....2:16½
Dorris Wilkes.....2:14½	and 36 others in 2:30.
	DAM OF
	McKinney.....2:11½
	Edna Simmons.....2:12½
	Smith.....2:13
	38 others in 2:30.
4 dam CONSTANCE.....by Hamlet 160.	
DAM OF	SIRE OF
1 Brooklawn.....2:18½	Loretta F.....2:18½
2 Jim Long, sire of 2 in 2:30	A. V. Pantland.....2:30
3 Elnoia, dam of Bay Victor	and 4 others, dams of
2:30.	Cicerone.....2:12½
4 Winnie Constance, dam of	Foggy.....2:13½
Ethel Ray 2:21¼.	Bourbon R.....2:15½
5 Mudra, dam of Mudrona 2:26	28 others in 2:30.
Black Walnut, sire of 1.	
dam.....	by L. I. Blackhawk 24.

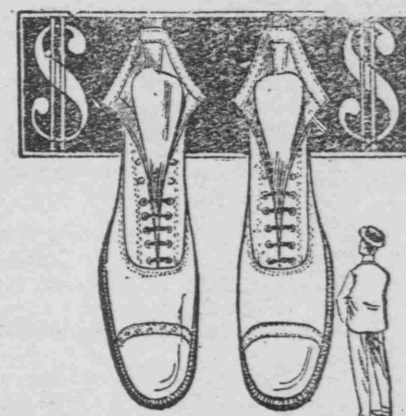
ASHLAWN 2:24½ will make the season of 1904 at Brooklawn Farm, two miles east from Hutchison Station, L. & N. R. R., at

## \$15 TO INSURE.

S. D. BURBRIDGE,  
Paris, Ky., Rural Route 5.

Paris Phone 333.  
Lex. Phone 698 A., East Tenn.

## ...EXAMINE OUR SHOES....



Yes examine them! Look them over slowly, carefully, critically. Then come in and tell us what you think about them. All leathers; including Patent and Enamel; all shapes for both street and dress wear. Try our Shoes.

## THOMSON

## Clearance Sale!

FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS WE WILL  
HAVE A GRAND CLEAR-  
ANCE SALE

## AT COST,

Of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Underwear,  
Trimmings, White Goods, Towels,  
Napkins, Linings, Silks, Etc.

.....Greatest Bargain Sale Ever Seen in Paris.....

## TWIN BROS.,

Main Street, Paris, Ky.

CORNER STORE.

## A Farm All Your Own!

There are at present exceptional opportunities for homeseekers in the Great Southwest and California.

Low-rate round-trip homeseekers' and one-way settlers' tickets, first and third Tuesdays each month, over the Santa Fe to Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma and Texas.

Very low round-trip excursion rates to California in July and August.

Write and tell us where you think of going. We will send you land literature and information about good farm lands at low prices. Values in certain portions of the Southwest sure to advance. We will tell you about it.

Atchison,  
Topeka &  
Santa Fe  
Railway

## Santa Fe

General  
Passenger  
Office,  
Chicago

SOZODONT for the Teeth and Breath 25¢  
At all Stores, or by Mail for the price. HALL & RUCKEL, New York.